

A TOUCH.  
A living coal, and with its glow  
It touched another coal, when, lo!  
The dark form into radiance grew,  
And light and cheer beamed forth anew.

A loving heart, and with its love  
It touched another heart, which strove  
To adverse waves on troubled sea,  
When can we ever be so free?

And, lo, through rifted clouds Hope smiled,  
And Love the weariest beguiled.

That living coal be mine to glow,  
That living heart be mine to show,  
While earth has sorrowing hearts that wait  
The opening of Redemption's gate.

—Advance.

#### HOTEL KEYS.

They Are Carried Off by Guests Who Forget to Give Them Up.

"Our key fitter is one of the most important men on our staff," said the manager of a large New Orleans hotel. "He is kept busy every day of the year, and sometimes he is so rushed with work that he has to call in an assistant. It is no exaggeration to say that he averages from 25 to 30 keys a day."

"But I would suppose," remarked a listener, "that even a big hotel would acquire a sufficiency of keys in the course of time."

"So it does," replied the manager, "if the public would only let it keep 'em; but it won't. It would astonish anybody in the business to know how many guests walk off with their room keys when they leave the house. When the average man gets ready to depart, he packs his valise, locks his door and then goes direct to the cashier's wicket to settle his bill. When that formality is attended to, he is generally in a rush to get to the depot and is quite apt to forget that he has omitted to return his key at the clerk's desk. That, at any rate, is the way I account for so much absentmindedness on the subject. The clerk doesn't discover that the key is gone until the chambermaid applies for it to clean up the room, which is probably an hour or two after the guest has taken his departure. Then nothing remains but to call in the key fitter and tell him to prepare a duplicate as quickly as he can."

"Formerly the hotels tried to guard against this innocent kleptomaniac," the manager went on, "by having their keys made very large and cumbersome and attaching them to enormous metal tags, the idea being to render it impossible to put them in one's pocket. To that end they were probably a success, but they were such an unmitigated nuisance otherwise, and guests complained so bitterly at the annoyance of handling them, that they were generally discarded. You will still find the plan popular in the country, however, and in small hotels that have no locksmiths on the premises, and only a week or so ago I dropped into a quaint little establishment where the keys were attached to brass disks fully as large as dessert plates and serrated at the edge like circular saws."

"At present most of the big hotels use a modest metal check, stamped with their address and a request to forward through the mails if accidentally carried off. All that is necessary is to attach a 3 cent stamp to the tag and drop the key in the nearest letter box. Incidentally I may say that about one man in 50 takes the trouble. But, aside from the room keys carried away by guests, a vast number of all kinds disappear through the mysterious channels of oblivion that exist in the large hotels. The range of keys, and that's the end of it—keys to furniture, wardrobe keys, closet keys, bathroom keys, keys to the help's lockers, padlock keys from the outside storerooms, big coal bunker keys, gate keys and keys of every imaginable size, shape and style. They are continually missing and have to be replaced. If a lost key turns up later, the duplicate is carefully ticked and laid away in a drawer set aside for that purpose. But they seldom turn up. They have gone to the limbo of lost plus, last season's birds' nests and the snows of yesteryear."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

#### Eat All You Can, Mother!

An old man whose hair and beard were cut in a chaste, rural design appeared in one of the table d'hôte restaurants the other day. He had his wife with him. That was more than the old lady could stand, for she was almost stone deaf, which gave everybody a chance to find out what splendid lungs her husband had.

The meal was luncheon. The price which the old man was asked after he had ordered two meals was 75 cents. "Seventy-five cents!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean a piece?"

"Yes, sir."

"Gracious!"

He thought it over a minute or two. Then he looked at his wife as if considering whether he should try to get the dreaded news past the old lady's tympanum. Evidently he gave it up. But he did what he could. When the first course came on, he leaned over and shouted in her ear:

"Eat all you can, mother! I'll tell you why after awhile!"—New York Sun.

#### Got His Tips Direct.

One of the shrewdest serving men who has come to light lately is a waiter in the employ of Whiteaker, Wright, a London millionaire and director of the London and Globe Finance corporation. Mr. Wright not long ago discovered that the waiter was practically running a syndicate on the strength of remarks relating to the mining transactions the millionaire let fall at home. From the day that Mr. Wright discovered it that syndicate began to experience a series of misfortunes, and from that hour forth the face of the domestic, formerly so bright, became more and more careworn. The ultimate fate of the syndicate was what might have been expected.—M. A. P.

#### A Coin Collector.

Mrs. Goodart—You seem to have some education. Perhaps you were once a professional man?

Howard Hatcher—Lady, I'm a numismatist by profession.

Mrs. Goodart—A numismatist?

Howard Hatcher—Yes, lady. A collector of rare coins. Any old coin is rare to me.—Exchange.

#### Suitable Books.

Customer (hesitatingly)—I suppose—er—you have some—er—suitable books for a man—er—about to be married?

Bookseller—Certainly, sir. Here, John, show this gentleman some of our account books—largest size.—London Tip-Bits.

#### Land Cultivated by Irrigation is More Productive than Land where Rainfall Moisture Alone is Sufficient to Mature the Crops.

An average sheep yields 91 pounds of meat, 43 pounds of fat and 18 pounds of hide and wool.

#### MAIL CLOSES.

Mails Coming and Going Every Hour in the Day.

Hours that the mails close at the Abbeville post office:

9.05 a. m. going North on the Southern.

10.50 a. m. going South on the Southern.

11.00 a. m. going South to Hodge.

11.40 a. m. going South on the S. A. L.

1.10 p. m. going North on the S. A. L.

2.35 p. m. going South on the S. A. L.

3.55 p. m. going North on the S. A. L.

5.00 p. m. going South on the S. A. L.

5.30 p. m. going North on the S. A. L.

Robt. S. Lusk, Postmaster.

#### DOES A BABY PAY?

A Father's View of the Entries Made on the Family Ledger.

Does a 2-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study and "scrubbed" the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coal hole ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted 50 cents' worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest white rose perfume out of the window "to see it waft."

Then he dug out the center of a nicely baked loaf of cake and was found in the middle of the dining room table with the sugar bowl between his legs and most of the contents in his stomach.

He has already cost \$100 in doctor's bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few gray hairs to the misery I endured talking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.

What has he ever done to pay me for that?

Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along up the hall. I hear his little rattle of laughter because he has escaped from my mother and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little scamp can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No, I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—"Rat, tat, tat," go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.

"Rat, tat, tat."

I sit perfectly still.

"Papa."

No reply.

"Peeze, papa."

Grim silence.

"Baby tum in—peeze, papa."

He shall not come in.

"My papa."

I write on.

"Papa," says the little voice; "I lub my papa. Peeze let baby in."

I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up into my arms, and his warm, soft, little arms go around my neck, the not very clean little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly:

"I lub my papa."

Does he pay?

Well, I guess he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time and money and care and self-sacrifice. He may cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost much. But he has paid for it all again and again in whispering those three little words into my ears, "I lub my papa."

Our children pay when their very first feeble little cries fill our hearts with the mother love, and the father love that ought never to fail among all earthly passions.

Do our children pay?—J. H. D. in Detroit Free Press.

#### THE SPEED OF BIRDS.

It Is Not Nearly So Great as Has Been Generally Assumed.

If you consult the usually accepted authorities on the speed of birds in their flight, you are likely to be misled by an exaggeration of from 100 to 300 per cent. This is because figures have been given to hearsay, appearance and very superficial observation. But recently American, English and French observers have been comparing notes and are practically agreed, after most careful calculation, on the speed of the best known birds.

They started with the carrier pigeon and have made him a base of comparison. He has heretofore been credited with 110 miles an hour, but it is now agreed that he is entitled to 50. A quite recent long distance, carefully conducted test of 502 miles, from the Shetland islands to London, showed that the most rapid pigeons made 37 miles an hour. On shorter distances none made more than 50 miles.

Because frigate birds have been seen far from land and have been supposed not to fly by night or to rest on the water they have been credited with a speed of from 150 to 200 miles an hour. If they did fly at that speed, they would have to overcome an atmospheric pressure of from 112 to 130 pounds to the square foot of flying surface. There is no certainty that they fly more rapidly than a passenger pigeon or that they do not fly at night or do not sleep on the water.

The swallow, that is indeed a rapid flyer, has been credited with 180 miles an hour, but he must be cut down to 65 miles, and the martin is five miles behind him, though authorities have placed him ten miles ahead.

The teal duck is brought down from 140 to 50 miles an hour. The mallard is five miles slower and flies the same as the canvasback, while both of these are five miles an hour ahead of the wild goose and eider duck.

The pheasant makes 38 miles an hour, which is three miles ahead of the prairie chicken and quail, though the latter appears to fly much faster on account of his temporary burst of speed that seldom exceeds 200 feet. The crow flies 25 miles an hour.

Small birds appear to fly more rapidly than the large ones and have deceived many observers. The humming bird does not fly as fast as many awkward appearing, very much larger, slow flapping birds.—Chicago Times-Herald.

#### A Proud Father.

A member of the New York Yacht club was proudly boasting to an old friend he had not seen in 15 years of the merits of his children. "Henry, as you may possibly have heard, is at Harvard. As yet he has done nothing for the family. Archibald is at the Leland Stanford university. I wanted to bring up my sons as far apart as possible, under hopelessly different and varying circumstances. Of course Archibald has not as yet done anything for the family. Harry is married to young —, and, well, I really can't say that she has done anything for the family. The youngest child is Virginia, who is just becoming useful."

"Indeed? And what does Miss Virginia do?"

"She has just reached the age and stature when she can wear her mother's old clothes. Captain, will you accompany me to our grillroom?"—New York Press.

#### Well Posted.

Mrs. Greene—That was a fine article your husband wrote about "The Smoke Nuisance." Mr. Greene says it is the best thing that has appeared on the subject.

Mrs. Gray—Yes? I suppose it ought to be. My husband smoked no less than ten cigars while writing it.—Boston Transcript.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Appropriation of the School Funds of Abbeville County for Scholastic Year 1900-1901.

Number of Districts	On hand for School purposes 1900-1901.
1	\$185.00
2	250.00
3	250.00
4	210.88
5	125.00
6	211.40
7	452.95
8	568.80
9	361.20
10	342.12
11	650.55
12	432.10
13	441.74
14	218.95
15	380.85
16	452.15
17	483.00
18	612.80
19	1751.38
20	380.85
21	384.01
22	382.06
23	510.70
24	273.75
25	342.51
26	312.66
27	302.50
28	253.04
29	322.55
30	267.15
31	207.66
32	251.90
33	511.18
34	1013.29
35	148.41
36	226.50
37	212.50
38	228.50
39	358.53
40	210.62
41	228.50
42	170.00
43	215.00
44	6.08
45	207.59
46	442.12
Total	\$2,064.00

In accordance with law I have made the above appropriation, by School Districts, of the school funds of Abbeville County, for the Scholastic Year July 1st, 1900, and ending June 30th, 1901.

The above includes all money to be appropriated.

County Superintendent of Education.

#### Charleston and Western Carolina R. R.

Augusta and Asheville Short Line.

In effect Jan. 18, 1901.

Augusta.....	9:40 am	3:35 pm
Greenwood.....	12:00 pm	6:00 pm
Harris Springs.....	12:30 pm	6:30 pm
Anderson.....	1:00 pm	6:45 pm
Laurens.....	1:30 pm	7:15 pm
Greenville.....	3:00 pm	9:00 am
Glenn Springs.....	4:00 pm	10:00 am
Spartanburg.....	4:30 pm	9:45 am
Anderson.....	5:00 pm	10:00 am
Hendersonville.....	5:30 pm	10:30 am
Ashley.....	6:00 pm	11:00 am
Ashley.....	6:00 pm	11:00 am
Spartanburg.....	11:45 am	3:55 pm
Glenn Springs.....	12:00 pm	4:10 pm
Anderson.....	12:01 pm	3:55 pm
Laurens.....	1:31 pm	5:56 pm
Anderson.....	2:00 pm	6:25 pm
Greenville.....	2:37 pm	7:00 pm
Augusta.....	5:10 pm	11:40 am
Augusta.....	5:40 pm	12:10 pm
Glenn Springs.....	6:00 pm	12:30 pm
Yemassee.....	6:30 pm	1:00 pm
Beaufort.....	7:00 pm	1:30 pm
Yemassee.....	7:30 pm	2:00 pm
Savannah.....	8:00 pm	2:30 pm
Charleston.....	8:30 pm	3:00 pm
Port Royal.....	9:00 pm	3:30 pm
Beaufort.....	9:30 pm	4:00 pm
Yemassee.....	10:00 pm	4:30 pm
Palmetto.....	10:30 pm	5:00 pm
Augusta.....	11:00 pm	5:30 pm
Greenwood.....	6:00 pm	4:05 am
Laurens.....	6:00 pm	4:05 am
Glenn Springs.....	6:15 am	4:15 am
Spartanburg.....	6:15 am	4:15 am
Spartanburg.....	6:30 am	4:30 am
Spartanburg.....	6:30 am	4:30 am
Greenville.....	6:45 am	4:45 am